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P33P

PHILOMENA: A POEM

BY JOHN PECKHAM, O.F.M.,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
THE LATIN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH
VERSION BY WILLIAM DOBELL

LONDON
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PHILOMENA

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LONDON

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AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

In presenting the thirteenth-century *Philomena* to the reader of to-day, it may not be amiss to mention that the word, as here used, is a medieval variant of the classical *Philomela*. Though the latter word has provided English poets with a more widely favoured alternative name for the nightingale, the former also finds its place in the literature of our country, and Gascoigne (*d.* 1577) writes:

> "Fair Philomene again
> Can watch and sing while other sleep."

This bird is synonymous with song. According to the legend, it literally pours forth its soul in song and ceases not to sound the praises of its Creator until its voice is lost in the silence of death. This constancy commends the bird to the poet as a fitting representative of a soul overflowing with the love of Christ and desiring only to be with him.

The Hours of Day, that serve as a framework for the poem, are Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None and Vespers. To them are assigned respectively the mysteries of

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Creation, the Incarnation and infancy of our Lord, the labours of his public life, the sufferings of his sacred Passion, his death and victory on the Cross, and his burial. Meditating on the goodness of God, manifested in these mysteries, the soul is led by degrees to a perfect love of him and to a corresponding detachment from the things of earth, so that finally Christ becomes its only love, the *unicus dilectus*.

A critical inquiry into the authorship of this poem is beyond the scope alike of this short note and of the writer of it. It is found among the printed works of St Bonaventure (*d.* 1274), but the received opinion seems to be that it was not written by him. Father Ryder, of the Oratory, in a note to his translation (*The Poet's Purgatory and other Poems*, Dublin, 1890), ascribes it to John of Hoveden (*d.* 1275), who certainly wrote a poem of the same name but of much greater length, containing nearly 4,000 lines. In his Introduction to *Richard Rolle of Hampole and his Followers*, London, 1896, the editor includes the *Philomena praevia* among the Latin works wrongly ascribed to Rolle (*d.* 1349), and tells us that it has been attributed also to St Bonaventure, but that it is

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more probably a work of Peckham (*d.* 1292). The writer of the article on John Peckham in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xliv, agrees that he was more probably the author of "this graceful religious poem." The shorter Latin text, as given in *Carmina e Poetis Christianis excerpta*, Paris, 1880, which seems to contain all that is necessary to make the poem intrinsically complete, has been adopted here. The longer text has twenty additional stanzas, including some that Trench, *Sacred Latin Poetry*, 1849, attributes to St Bonaventure. It may be noted as a curious literary coincidence that two poems, each bearing the name of *Philomena*, should have been written by two contemporary English poets, each of whom seems to have been in some way connected with the court of Edward I.

The longing tenderness, especially apparent in the verses dealing with the infancy of Christ makes one wonder if the writer had in mind the terms of affectionate intimacy that the divine Child and his blessed Mother so freely extended to that holy mystic and poet of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Hermann Joseph, whose death is variously assigned to 1230 and 1241. It seems

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probable; and, perhaps, we may also infer, from two lines on page 24, that the author of this poem was, himself, one of that early band of mystic adventurers, whose virile love of Christ led them through much labour, suffering, and privation to explore the inmost recesses of the Sacred Heart and to open up for future generations its inexhaustible treasures of divine love.

It is a sad pleasure now for the writer to acknowledge his indebtedness to the late Mr. Frank Mathew for kindly criticism and encouragement, without which this little book would hardly have ventured forth.

W. D.

Avon Dassett.
October, 1924.

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PHILOMENA

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PHILOMENA

Philomena praevia temporis amoeni,
Quae recessum nuntias imbris atque coeni,
Dum mulcescis animos tuo cantu leni,
Ave prudentissima, ad me, quaeso, veni.

Veni, veni, mittam te quo non possum ire,
Ut amicum valeas cantu delinire,
Tollens eius tristia voce dulcis lyrae,
Quem heu modo nescio verbis convenire.

Ergo pia suppleas meum imperfectum
Salutando dulciter unicum dilectum,
Eique denunties qualiter affectum
Sit cor meum iugiter eius ad aspectum.

Quod si quaerat aliquis quare te elegi
Meum esse nuntium, sciat quia legi
De te quaedam propria quae divinae legi
Et optato munere placent summo regi.

Igitur, carissime, audi nunc attente,
Nam si cantus volucris huius serves mente,
Eius imitatio, spiritu docente,
Te coelestem musicum faciet repente.

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PHILOMENA

PHILOMENA, with thy song summer welcoming,
Telling rain and mud are past, while the woodlands ring
With thy liquid notes that claim raptured listening,
Come to me, my trusty bird, come on ready wing.

Come, and do my message there, where I may not go
Soothe and captivate my friend with thy music's flow,
Let the lute of thy sweet voice dissipate his woe,
For I cannot speak with him, as I would, below.

In the goodness of thy heart my defect supply;
To salute my only love thou wilt surely fly,
Tell him how I long for him, how I pine and sigh,
How, to get a glimpse of him, I would gladly die.

And, if anyone shall ask why I've chosen thee
Rather than another bird messenger to be,
Let him know that I have read of thy quality,
That doth with the Lord of all and his law agree.

Hearken, Brother, to my words with attentive ear:
If the singing of this bird in thy mind be clear,
If thou imitate the same and the Spirit hear,
It shall make thy life a song unto heaven dear.

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PHILOMENA

De hac ave legitur quod, cum deprehendit
Mortem sibi properam, arborem ascendit,
Summoque diluculo rostrum sursum tendit,
Diversisque cantibus totam se impendit.

Cantilenis dulcibus praeviat auroram,
Sed cum dies rutilat, circa primam horam,
Elevat praedulcius vocem insonoram,
In cantando nesciens pausam sive moram.

Circa vero tertiam quasi modum nescit,
Quia semper gaudium cordis eius crescit,
Vere guttur rumpitur, sic vox invalescit,
Et quo cantat altius, plus et inardescit.

Sed cum in meridie sol est in fervore,
Tunc dirumpit viscera nimio calore.
" Oci, oci " clamitat illo suo more,
Sicque sensu deficit cantus prae labore.

Sic quassato organo huius Philomenae,
Rostro tamen palpitans fit exsanguis pene,
Sed ad nonam veniens moritur iam plene,
Cum totius corporis dirumpuntur venae.

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PHILOMENA

It is written of this bird, when it knoweth now
Death is nigh, it takes its stand on a topmost bough,
Singing there at break of dawn with uplifted brow,
With its utmost strength it doth varied strains endow.

Early morn it ushers in with its dulcet chime,
But when day is growing bright, at the hour of prime,
Doth its note, yet sweeter then, higher levels climb,
Without stop or breathing-space in its course sublime.

As the hour of terce draws on, it no measure knows,
For the joy within its heart great and greater grows,
Till its throat would seem to burst with ecstatic throes,
And, the higher swells its note, still the more it glows.

But, when rays of noontide sun at their fiercest beat,
Then its heart is rent in twain through excess of heat ;
" Soon, oh, soon," it crieth then in its accents sweet;
Spent with song, the singer lies gasping at our feet.

Philomena's music then all in ruin lies,
Yet with palpitating beak still to sing it tries;
Lingering till none is come, at that hour it dies,
As the latest breath of life from its body flies.

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Ecce, dilectissime, breviter audisti
Factum huius volucris, sed si meministi,
Diximus iam primitus, quia eantus isti
Mystice conveniunt legi Iesu Christi.

Restat, ut intelligo, esse Philomenam
Animam virtutibus et amore plenam,
Quae, dum mente peragrat patriam amoenam,
Satis delectabilem texit cantilenam.

Ad augmentum etenim suae sanctae spei,
Quaedam dies mystica demonstratur ei;
Porro beneficia, quae de manu Dei
Homo consecutus est, sunt horae diei.

Mane vel diluculum hominis est status,
In quo mirabiliter homo est creatus;
Hora prima, quando est Deus incarnatus;
Tertiam dic spatium sui incolatus.

Sextam, cum a perfidis voluit ligari,
Trahi, caedi, conspui, dire cruciari,
Crucifigi, denique clavis terebrari,
Caputque sanctissimum spinis coronari.

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PHILOMENA

Though I tell the tale in brief, Brother, you have heard
What you need to know about this devoted bird;
Call to mind I said its song with Christ's law concurred,
Through that likeness mystic sense is on it conferred.

Philomena, you must know, is the soul of man,
Full of virtues, full of love, holding all it can,
Which in contemplation doth joys of heaven scan,
Weaving thence the melodies of its earthly span.

That its blessed hope may reach yet a higher grade,
Is a certain mystic day to the soul displayed.
Understand the hours of day, duly here portrayed,
Mark the gifts of God to man, by his goodness made.

Early morning signifies making of our race,
When in manner wonderful came creation's grace;
Incarnation of our Lord at the first hour place,
Then the third shall represent here his sojourn's space.

At the sixth hour look upon Christ betrayed to scorn,
Bonds and buffetings, and see him with lashes torn;
See him fastened with the nails, on the Cross upborne,
See his sacred temples bound with the cruel thorn.

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Nonam dic, cum moritur, quando consummatus
Cursus est certaminis, quando superatus
Est omnino zabulus et hinc conturbatus,
Vespera, cum Christus est sepulturae datus.

Diem istum anima meditans in hortis,
Suae facit terminum spiritalis mortis,
Scandens crucis arborem, in qua leo fortis
Vicit adversarium, fractis portis mortis.

Statim cordis organa sursum elevando
Suum a diluculo cantum inchoando,
Laudat et glorificat Deum, replicando
Sibi quam mirificus fuit hanc creando.

" Pie, inquit, Conditor, quando me creasti,
Quam sit tua pietas larga declarasti,
Nam consortem gloriae tuae cogitasti
Facere gratuite, gratis quam amasti.

" O quam mira dignitas mihi est concessa,
Cum imago Domini mihi est impressa,
Sed crevisset amplius dignitas possessa,
Nisi iussum Domini fuissem transgressa.

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PHILOMENA

At the ninth hour is the course of the battle run,
Then he yieldeth up the ghost and the fight is won,
Satan hath been overthrown, all his strength undone;
At the vesper hour is tombed God's incarnate Son.

In the garden pondering o'er that day of song,
For its death symbolical soon the soul doth long,
Rising to that tree, the Cross, where the Lion strong
Burst the gates of death and broke all the hellish throng.

There the music of its heart straightway doth it raise,
And begin its singing sweet at the dawn's first phase,
Loudly glorifying God with redoubled praise,
God, who hath created it in his wondrous ways.

" Merciful Creator, when I was made by thee,
Thy unmeasured goodness then was most plain to see,
For it was thy purpose that even I should be
Free to share thy glory great, as thy love is free.

" Oh, with what a dignity thou didst me invest,
When the image of my God was on me impressed;
Greater had that dignity grown, by me possessed,
If against thy holy law I had not transgressed.

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" Nam tu, summa caritas, tibi cohaerere
Me volebas iugiter, sursumque habere
Dulce domicilium, tecumque manere,
Et me velut filiam alere, docere.

" Ex tunc disposueras in id adunare
Coelicis agminibus, teque mihi dare ;
Sed pro tanta gratia quid recompensare
Possum, prorsus nescio, nisi te amare.

" Unica suavitas, unica dulcedo,
Cordium amantium salutaris praedo,
Totum quidquid habeo vel sum tibi dedo,
Denique depositum meum tibi credo."

" Oci " cantat tale cor, gaudens in pressura,
Dicens, quia dignum est, ut a creatura
Diligatur opifex talis mente pura,
Ei cum exstiterit de se tanta cura.

Sic mens hoc diluculum transit meditando,
Sed ad primam transferens vocem exaltando,
Tempus acceptabile pie ruminando,
In quo venit Dominus carne se velando.

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" Charity surpassing all, thou didst will that I
Should be thine upon this earth, thine above the sky,
Dwelling in a home most sweet, thee for ever nigh,
Cherished as a daughter dear in thy house on high.

" For that purpose thou didst then plan for me to dwell
With the choirs angelical, here to make thy cell
In my poor unworthy heart; Lord, I cannot tell
What return to offer thee but to love thee well.

" Thou the only sweetness art, thou the sole delight,
Thou, who stealest all our love, dost with love requite;
Thine is all I have or am, exercise thy right,
All the treasure I have stored unto thee I plight."

" Soon, oh, soon," sings such a heart, joying in its pain,
Saying it is truly right that by creature vain
Such Creator e'er should be loved with might and main,
Once so great a love is made to the creature plain.

Thus, before the sun appears, doth it meditate.
Passing thence to hour of prime with a note elate,
Time acceptable it doth inwardly debate,
When the Lord incarnate came in our mortal state.

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Tunc liquescit anima tota per amorem,
Pavida considerans omnium auctorem,
Vagientem puerum, iuxta nostrum morem,
Et curare veterem velle se languorem.

Plorans ergo clamitat : " O fons pietatis,
Quis te pannis induit dirae paupertatis ?
Tibi quis consuluit sic te dare gratis,
Nisi zelus vehemens, ardor caritatis ?

" Digne zelus vehemens est hic ardor dictus,
Cuius est dominio rex coelorum victus,
Cuius sanctis vinculis captus et constrictus,
Pauperis infantuli pannis est amictus.

" O praedulcis parvule puer sine pari,
Felix, cui datum est te nunc amplexari,
Pedes, manus lambere, flentem consolari,
Tuis in obsequiis iugiter morari.

" Heu me, cur non licuit mihi demulcere
Vagientem puerulum, et cum flente flere,
Illos artus teneros sive confovere,
Eiusque cunabulis semper assidere.

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Faint by force of love, it is lost in wonder then,
Fearfully considering the Creator, when
As a weeping babe he lay, like the sons of men,
Come to cure our sickness and make us whole again.

Weeping then it crieth out: " Source of love, ah me,
Who hath clothed thee in those rags, poor and mean to see ?
Freely thus to give thyself, who hath counselled thee ?
Was it not o'erpowering zeal, ardent charity ?

" Rightly is that ardour called overpowering zeal,
Since the King of Heaven doth its dominion feel;
By its holy bonds constrained, as by chains of steel,
He became a poorly clad Baby for our weal.

" Oh, thou darling Baby Boy, none can equal thee,
Sweet it were to hold thee close, take thee on my knee,
Kiss thy little hands and feet, speak consolingly
In the time of tears, and still in thy service be.

" But it was not mine to check tears that quickly rise,
Share with thee thy baby woes, gently soothe thy cries,
Nor for little limbs, alas, comfort to devise,
Nor to claim thy cradle-side as my lawful prize.

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" Puto, pius parvulus haec non abhorreret,
Immo more parvuli forsan arrideret,
Et flenti pauperculo fletu condoleret,
Et peccanti facile venia faveret.

" Felix, qui tunc temporis matri singulari
Potuisset precibus ita famulari,
Ut in die sineret semel osculari
Suum dulcem parvulum eique iocari."

Sic affecta pia mens sitit paupertatem,
Cibi parcimoniam, vestis vilitatem ;
Labor ei vertitur in iucunditatem,
Vilem esse saeculi dicit venustatem.

Ergo sic infantiam Christi retexendo,
Horae primae canticum strenue canendo,
Transitum ad tertiam facit recolendo
Quantum Christus passus est, homines docendo.

Tunc cum fletu recitat illius labores,
Sitim, famem, frigora, aestus et sudores,
Quae dignanter pertulit propter peccatores,
Dum illorum voluit innovare mores.

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" Yet I love to think thou wouldst not have said me no,
That, perchance, I might have won just a smile or so,
That our tears in sympathy might have had their flow,
And that thy forgiveness then would have eased my woe.

" What a joy it would have been to have rendered aid,
With entreaties manifold, to the Mother-Maid,
To have had from baby lips daily guerdon paid,
While the Mother smiled and I with her Baby played."

Moved by this, for poverty then the soul doth thirst,
Chooses poor and scanty food, raiment of the worst;
Toil is into pleasure turned, values are reversed,
And the glory of the world is a bubble burst.

Weaving thus Christ's infancy with reflective strain,
Doth the soul its song of prime love to sing amain.
Terce it reaches, pondering with what zeal and pain
Christ hath taught and laboured here souls of men to gain.

Then, with weeping, it recites all his toil and sweat,
Thirst and hunger, heat and cold, all the ills he met
For the sake of sinful men, ever striving yet
To reform their vicious lives and new life beget.

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Vox amoris flatibus tota concremata,
" Oci, oci," clamitat avis haec beata,
Mundo mori cupiens, cuius via lata,
Cui foetet saeculum, sic est delicata.

Clamas ergo : " Domine, dulcis praedicator,
Exsulum refugium, pauperum amator,
Qui es poenitentium pius consolator,
Post te debent currere iustus et peccator.

" Iusti quippe regula, vitae es doctrina,
Peccatorum speculum, mira disciplina,
Fessis et debilibus efficax resina,
Aegris et languentibus potens medicina.

" Primam in hoc saeculo caritatis scholam
Instaurasti, quaerere docens Dei solam
Gloriam, deponere gravem mundi molam,
Et sic posse perditam rehabere stolam.

" Sed hanc scholam temere mundus irridebat,
Spernens et annihilans quidquid promittebat,
Tua vero bonitas vices non reddebat,
Immo poenitentibus totum ignoscebat.

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Lo, its voice with loving sighs parchèd, languisheth,
With a longing note it cries, " Soon, oh, soon," it saith,
For it fain would leave a world whose broad way of death
Yieldeth to its finer sense but corruption's breath.

Do thou, therefore, cry aloud: " Lord, O Teacher sweet,
Refuge of the wanderer, glad the poor to meet,
Comforter of penitents weeping at thy feet,
Saint and sinner must to thee run with footsteps fleet.

" Teacher of the way of life to the just therein,
Looking-glass for sinners who would that way begin,
Ointment whence the tired and weak may fresh vigour win,
Potent remedy for those wasting in their sin.

" Thou didst found the earliest school of charity,
Teaching that God's glory sought solely maketh free
From the grinding mill-work of worldly slavery,
And that thus the robe we lost might recovered be.

" But the teaching of this school doth the world despise,
And its promises are nought to the worldly-wise;
Yet thy goodness answereth not in equal guise,
But to the repentant soul pardon ne'er denies.

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" Quippe cui proprium erat misereri,
Diligi desiderans, magis quam timeri,
Sed verba non verbera proferens, austeri
Praeceptoris noluit more revereri.

" Haec in adulterio novit deprehensa,
Quam sit tua pietas scilicet immensa,
Magdalena sensit hoc, cum ei offensa
Est dimissa, multiplex gratia impensa.

" Et quid multa dicerem ? quot sunt consecuti
Eius magisterium a suis abluti
Vitiis sunt, moribus optimis imbuti,
Et ab hostis invidi fraude facti tuti.

" Felix, cui licuit sub hoc praeceptore
Conversari iugiter, et ab eius ore
Mel coeleste sugere, cuius prae dulcore
Amarescunt cetera, plena sunt foetore."

Haec et multa talia dum mens meditatur,
Ad reddendas gratias toto praeparatur,
Ad laudandum Dominum magis inflammatur,
Sicque horae tertiae cantus terminatur.

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" For it is thy property, with indulgent ear,
Merciful to be and seek rather love than fear;
Thou art not a pedagogue painfully austere,
But a teacher winning us with the words that cheer.

" Taken in adultery, did the woman know
What immensity of love gently bade her go;
Magdalen hath understood, weeping in her woe,
Sinners are forgiven much for the love they show.

" Why give many instances ? It is daily seen
That the followers of Christ are from sin made clean,
Virtues take the place of those vices that have been,
And the malice of the foe leaves the soul serene.

" Oh, how good it were to dwell, knowing no distress,
With our Master constantly, from his lips to press
Honey that the heavens give, making one confess
All beside it bitter and full of fetidness."

While the soul on these and like truths doth meditate,
Gratitude it longs to show for such favours great,
And the praises of its Lord burns to celebrate;
In this way its song of terce doth it terminate.

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"Oci, oci," anima clamat in hoc statu.
Crebro fundens lacrymas sub hoc incolatu,
Laudans et glorificans magno cum conatu
Christum, qui tot pertulit suo pro reatu.

In hac hora anima ebria videtur,
Sed circa meridiem calor cum augetur,
Ut amoris stimulis magis perforetur,
Mox ab illa passio Christi recensetur.

Plorans ergo respicit Agnum delicatum,
Agnum sine macula, spinis coronatum,
Lividum verberibus, clavis perforatum,
Per tot loca lateris fossa cruentatum.

" Siccine decuerat (inquit) te benignum
Agnum mortis exitum pati tam indignum ?
Sed sic disposueras vincere malignum,
Et hoc totum factum est ob amoris signum.

Namque pro me misera, quam tu dilexisti,
Mortis in aculeum sciens impegisti,
Cum te patri victimam sanctam obtulisti,
Et in tuo sanguine sordidam lavisti.

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Then the soul repeateth its " Soon, oh, soon, oh " clear,
Weeping with abundant tears o'er its exile drear,
While it glorifieth Christ, its Redeemer dear,
Who, to take away its sins, bore such torments here.

With a frenzy seems the soul at this hour imbued,
But, when noontide heats appear in their fiercest mood,
That the goad of love may be with more force endued,
Is the Passion of our Lord by the soul reviewed.

Weeping then, it sees the Lamb unto slaughter led,
Gentle and unspotted Lamb, with a thorn-crowned head,
Sees him bruisèd with the blows, sees the nails grow red,
Sees his bloodstained body all ridged and furrowèd.

" Lamb of God, how can we think that it thee became
Thus to suffer, and to die such a death of shame ?
But the prince of pride thou wouldst in this manner tame,
And through all there shineth out love's alluring flame.

" For a poor and sinful soul thou wast all afire,
Didst not hesitate to meet sting of death most dire,
When thou wouldst a victim be offered to thy Sire.
And thy Blood hath washed away all my sinful mire.

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" Quis miretur igitur pro te si suspiro,
Iuncta sine meritis tam zelanti viro ?
Nam affectum alitis meum modo miro,
Pro me vitam finiens exitu tam diro.

" Vere iam non debeo tantum suspirare,
Immo, iuxta verbum Iob, crines lacerare,
In caverna lateris nidulum parare,
Et extremum spiritum illic exhalare.

" Plane, nisi moriar tecum, non quiescam,
' Oci, oci,' clamitans nunquam conticescam,
Ab hoc desiderio vere non tepescam,
Quantumcunque saeculo propter hoc vilescam."

Tunc ut demens clamitat : " Veniant lanistae,
Qui affigant miseram cruci tuae, Christe ;
Erit enim exitus mihi dulcis iste,
Sic amplector moriens propriis ulnis te.

" Vere sic, non aliter, rabies doloris
Qua cor meum singulis terebratur horis,
Deliniri poterit, nisi tu, dulcoris
Fons abundans, medicus mei sis doloris.

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" Who can wonder that for thee I, unworthy, sigh,
To so great a lover bound by so dear a tie ?
Food to feed my love thou dost wondrously supply
And for sake of me thou dost in such torments die.

" Truly sighs are of my debt but the smallest share,
Rather should I, like to Job, shear away my hair,
Seek the cavern in thy side, there a nest prepare,
And, until I breathe my last, be encloistered there.

" Clearly, till I die with thee, I may not have rest,
And my cry of ' Soon, oh, soon ' may not be suppressed;
Never shall this great desire cool within my breast,
Though the world may reckon me meet for scoff and jest."

Then the soul, as if distraught, cries repeatedly;
" Let the executioners come and fasten me,
Christ, with thee upon thy Cross; sweet my lot would be,
If I might, in such a way, die embracing thee.

" Not in any other way can the storm of woe,
Hourly raging through my heart, ever from me go:
Thou, the Source whence sweetness doth in abundance
flow,
Art the sole Physician to free me from that throe.

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" Plane dulcis medicus es, qui nunquam pungis,
Sed a corde vitium leniter emungis ;
Nam quos tibi firmiter per amorem iungis,
Tuis charismatibus semper eos ungis.

" Heu, quam damnabiliter mundus est caecatus,
Qui, cum sit ab hostibus dire vulneratus,
Hunc declinat medicum, cum adsit paratus,
Languido aperiens suum dulce latus.

Heu, cur beneficia Christi passionis,
Penes te memoriter, homo, non reponis ?
Per hanc enim rupti sunt laquei praedonis,
Per hanc Christus maximis te ditavit bonis.

" Suo quippe corpore languidum te pavit,
Quem in suo sanguine gratis balneavit,
Demum suum dulce cor tibi denudavit,
Ut sic innotesceret quantum te amavit.

" O quam dulce balneum, esca quam suavis,
Quae sumenti digne fit Paradisi clavis,
Et ei, quem reficis, nullus labor gravis,
Licet sis fastidio cordibus ignavis."

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" Thou the good Physician art, never causing pain,
Gently wiping from the heart all its sinful stain;
They, whom thou dost unto thee lovingly constrain,
From the unction of thy grace special favours gain.

" Greatly to its detriment hath the world gone blind,
That, sore wounded by its foes, careth not to find
This Physician, though he be graciously inclined
From his opened side to pour healing on mankind.

" Of the Passion of our Lord why forgetful be ?
Keep, O man, its benefits in thy memory,
For it is his sufferings that have set thee free,
And have been the source of his greatest gifts to thee.

" In thy weakness, giving his Body for thy fare,
And his Blood to be a bath of a virtue rare,
Now at length he showeth thee his dear Heart laid bare,
That it may be known to thee what a love is there.

" What a goodly bath is that, and that food how sweet,
Key of heaven unto them worthily who eat.
They whom thou dost strengthen, Lord, any toil can meet,
Yet the slothful shun thee still, slow of heart and feet."

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Post haec dulcis anima, plus et plus fervescens,
Sensu toto deficit, corpore tabescens ;
Iam vix loqui sufficit, sed affectu crescens,
Suo lecto decubat utpote languescens.

Ergo dulcis gutturis organo quassato,
Lingua tantum palpitat, sonitu sublato ;
Sed pro verbis pia mens fletu compensato,
Lamentatur Dominum corde sauciato.

Sic est autem animus illius illectus,
Quasi ei praesens sit moriens dilectus,
Et a cruce minime retrahit aspectus,
Quia ibi oculus, ubi est affectus.

Gemitus, suspiria, lacrymae, lamenta
Sibi sunt deliciae, cibus, alimenta,
Quibus nova martyr est interim inventa,
Sic suo martyrio praebent incrementa.

In hoc statu respuit quidquid est terrenum,
Mundique solatium reputat venenum ;
Sed ad nonam veniens moritur ad plenum,
Cum amoris impetus carnis rumpit frenum.

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Thereupon this favoured soul with more ardour glows,
But its failing strength at last from the body goes;
Words it may not utter more, though in love it grows,
So it seeks its couch as one drawing near life's close.

There the music of its voice all in ruin lies,
From the palpitating tongue sounds no longer rise,
But the loss of speech is made good by weeping eyes,
While, its Lord lamenting, with wounded heart it cries.

Thus it is entranced as if it beheld indeed
Its Beloved die in pain and before it bleed;
Not a moment doth its look from the Cross recede,
For the eye still followeth where the heart doth lead.

Moans and sighs, laments and tears now the soul content,
Yielding it a sustenance with much sweetness blent,
While the same a martyr new to our sight present,
As they each in turn the soul's martyrdom augment.

In this state all earthly things it rejecteth quite,
And all worldly solace is poison in its sight;
Coming to the hour of none, then it dies outright,
When the impetus of love breaks the thread so slight.

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Nam cum " consummatum est " recolit clamasse
Hora nona Dominum et sic expirasse,
Quasi simul moriens clamat penetrasse
Vocem istam suum cor atque lacerasse.

Ferre tandem impotens iaculum tam forte,
Moritur, ut dictum est, sed felici morte;
Nam panduntur protinus ei coeli portae,
Dignum ut intelligat se sanctorum sorte.

Requiem pro anima tali non cantamus,
Immo est introitus missae " Gaudeamus,"
Quia si pro martyre Deum exoramus,
Ut decretum loquitur, sancto derogamus.

Eia, dulcis anima, eia, dulcis rosa,
Lilium convallium, gemma speciosa,
Cui carnis foeditas exstitit exosa,
Felix tuus exitus morsque pretiosa.

Felix, quae iam frueris requie cupita,
Inter sponsi brachia dulciter sopita,
Eiusque spiritui firmiter unita,
Ab eodem percipis oscula mellita.

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" It is consummated," Christ, it remembers, cried
At that very hour of none, bowed his head and died;
And, that it may be in death with its Lord allied,
Those heartrending words of his penetrate its side.

Utterly prostrated then by that mighty spear,
Doth it die, as hath been said, but by death most dear,
For the Gates of Paradise, that wide ope appear,
Welcome it as worthy now Sion's song to hear.

Requiem for such a soul shall not be our song,
But the *Gaudeamus* mass doth to it belong,
Since to ask God's clemency for a martyr strong
Would, as Holy Church declares, do the saint a wrong.

Hail, O thou delightful soul, fragrant as the rose,
Pure as lily of the vale, fair as bud that blows,
Earthly pleasures were to thee as pernicious foes,
But how precious is thy death, sweet thy journey's close.

Oh, how sweet it is for thee now to be at rest,
Lulled within the arms of him whom thou lovest best;
Mystically wed to him, bride for ever blest,
Sweet the kiss he giveth thee, gathered to his breast.

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